
Title: Virtue: The Play

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Isk as Patron.

*A picture of an
actor's frowning
mask*

Cast:

Lord Darian

Sandra

Girl 1-2.

Tanya Vel

Man 1-3

*Enter Darian

followed by Girl 1,2,
Sandra and Tanya.

Girls position
themselves with Girl1,
Girl 2 followed by
Sandra and Tanya.*

DARIAN: Enter, my
friends, my court now
welcomes all who seek
my favour. Brides in
deepest reds and blues
you stand before me,
each a careful stroke
in an artist's
Masterpiece, the best
your houses can offer.
Who shall share my
heart and bed, I,
Darian, the sheriff of
Britania?

*Darian turns to Girl
1, walking up to her*

DARIAN: Your eyes
are dark as onyx, as
deep as night,
beautiful and modest
the perfect wife.
Darian turns away

DARIAN: Your
father hoped those lips
would kiss away

my justice, and
forgive his crimes. Be
gone!

*Girl 1 runs off
stage crying. Darian
turns to Girl 2 and
walks up to her*

DARIAN: Your
dress is trimmed in
blue and silver, but
your heart is red
with treachery and
lust just as the elf
who gave you birth.

*Girl2 runs off
stage crying*

DARIAN: Will no
one here prove worthy
of my touch?

SANDRA: Great
lord, I greet you, I
am Sandra. My years
since we last met
have all been
spent under the
charge of my mother,
mastering The rules
laid down by my
house long ago,
learning ways of
honor and of the arts.
Persuasion is my
skill and in my hands
the lyre sings to
charm the crowd, not
a single face in the
court is strange to
me. All that the
perfect wife would
need I know.

*Darian walks up to
Sandra*

SANDRA: My lord,
I have run my
father's house for
years and cared for
my sister's children
like my own. All that
you need or want, my
lord, I do.

*Tanya smiles and

takes a step forward*
DARIAN: Your
words are true, your
grasp of women's arts
Is unsurpassed, but
how sad for a man
returning to a castle
that's ruled with
honor and with skill,
but not without a
wife who's charming
splendor warms the
eye and heart.
Beauty is its own
reward. Beautiful and
delicate like a lily
stem. Dark eyes, with
lowered lashes
And waterfalls for
hair. The highest
virtue. The one worth
fighting for.

*Darian turns to
Tanya*
DARIAN: From this
day forth, you are my
wife.

*Smiling all but
Sandra exit*

SANDRA: What
worth is there to life
with beauty lost?
All thought, all skill,
all effort sacrificed
Before the simplest
lack-wit elegance.
Never shall I remain
content in shadow,
Eclipsed beneath
another's empty smile.

*Sandra draws her
dagger*

SANDRA: Their
beauty paves their
way. Was I cut from
A jagged rock
with shaking hands?
Am I not delicate
Enough to touch his
flesh? I say so be it.
If he says beauty is
virtue, let me be the
most virtuous woman

in Sosaria. In life,
in honor, nothing won
or gained. I now
choose death.

*Sandra holds the
dagger to her arms
and cuts her wrists,
drop red cotton. Bell
rings*

SANDRA: The
death of honor. This
is my sacrifice.
Beauty is now mine.
*She walks away
leaving her mask on
the floor. Enter the
court men 1-3 with
Lord Darian. They
talk amongst
themselves*

*Enter Sandra, not
wearing a mask*

Man1: What have I
done that fortune
smiles on me so?
There is no art that
makes such loveliness.
She looks at me.

*Sandra walks up to
the front of the stage
and looks at the
audience. (Speech color
is now red)*

SANDRA: What
fools these Britanians
are. Like butterflies,
Chasing the
brightest flash of
colored wings. A
pretty face their
prize, still they don't
know virtue.

*Sandra drops her
bracelet, Man 1 picks
it up for her and both
exit stage*

Man2: Woe that it
is not I who feels
those lips upon my
skin, those fingers

through my hair.

*Sandra comes back
alone and takes Man
2 off stage.*

Man3: Jealousy
spreads. Where have
the favoured gone?
No longer do they
stand beside their lord
Darian.
Instead of swords
they hold her hand.

*Sandra returns and
takes Man3 away*

DARIAN: Why am
I left alone? Are not
my looks as good as
any other's? Are my
gifts not chosen with
more care, my honor
wrapped in paper,
offered on a silver
tray?

*Sandra comes back
and stands before
Darias*

DARIAN: Take me!
SANDRA: There's
only a single gift
which gains my hand,
A single, simple price
which I demand,
The perfect tithe, to
buy my love.
The thing I ask does
not have gems nor
gold, nor silver plates,
nor music, dance nor
verse of admiration
Nor moonlit walks
nor promise pledge or
vow. I only ask for
your soul as virtue is
found within.

DARIAN: It is
yours.

*Sandra places her
hands on Darias' lips.

(Darias drinks DP
and dies) Out come
Man 1-3 dressed as
ghosts. Sandra turns
to the audience.*

SANDRA: Some day
you will understand
The pleasure of my
touch brought at such
cost. A denied heart
justice inflicts.

Everyone bows